FACTION DISPLAY'D.

A

POEM.

K 1
A 1485 w 33

——*Sed non Authore Furois*
Sublato cecidit rabies —Lucan.

Nec sit Poema sale facetiisque confertum,
Sit potius Moratum, & Nervosum.
Scal.

From a Corrected COPY.

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To the READER.

'TIS the Criticks Objection to *Lucan*, that his Poem is too Hiſtorical; but it muſt be ſaid in his Defence, that tho' for that Reaſon he may perhaps delight leſs; yet he certainly Inſtructs more which is the better End of Poetry. We have a more diſtinct Idea of the Characters of *Cæſar*, *Pompey*; *Cato*, and *Brutus*, in him, than we have of *Auguſtus* (under the Perſon of *Æneas*) in *Virgil*. We have Truth and Nakedneſs in one; Fiction and Embelliſhment in the other. The ſame fault (I beg Pardon for the Alluſion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verſes: But I have this to ſay for my ſelf, that tho' I may fall as far ſhort of ſome of the *Whig-Writters* in Poetry, as *Lucan* does of *Virgil*, yet I have outdone them as much in Sincerity. For I have not form'd an Imaginary Poetical Deſign, but deſcrib'd a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by the reſtleſs and turbulent Spirits of ſome Men even in the very Place where I have laid the Scene.

If then what I have ſaid be true, and the Senſe of the honeſt Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken Reflecting or Scandalous; for Truth is never ſo, tho' it may be ſometimes Unſeaſonable. But he muſt own that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject in endeavouring to lay open the Enemies of our Conſtitution. A Conſtitution whoſe Government is Projected upon a more refin'd Policy, and experienced Wiſdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Common wealths. But here the Prerogative of the King, and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Baraier to each other; and it is not the Fault of our Conſtitution, that we are not the Envy, as well as the Terror of our Neighbour Nations. But Faction is of the growth of our Soil: and what ſome Philoſophers have affirmed of the Frame of the Univerſe, that it ſubſiſts by the conſtant Jarring of the Elements, and that there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be ſaid of the preſent State of *England*. For it is Compounded of ſo many obſtinate Sectaries and inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be Reconciled than

than the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to continue their Disputes too to the End of the World.

Nothing contributes more to the Fomenting these Civil Embroilments, than a Seat of *Mercenary Writers*, who like *Swiss-Soldiers*, are always ready to fight on the Side that pays best. And as none has labour'd more, so none is more Scandalous, than a certain *Doctor*, who after having Scribled himself, and that simple Wretch his Son, into Preferment, has lately appear'd In his proper Colours, and unsaid what he formerly urg'd with so much Vehemence and pretended zeal for his Country's Good. *Trimming* was then an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that *Tom Double* had been his own Characters: but we now plainly see what his Aim was This *Cerbetus* resolv'd to continue Barking, till his Mouth was stopp'd with some *Delicious Morsel*, which has at last happily compos'd his Fury into peace and *Moderation*. We are like to be well instructed indeed, when such Men as these pretended to give us Schemes of Morality and Goverment, when they undertake to direct our Priciples, and guide our Consciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himself, to imagine, that because he was Read with Pleasure, when he fell in with the Peoples just Resentment of the Proceedings of a Devouring Ministry; that he can therefore impose His own shuffling, inconsistent, unintelligible Politicks upon them. What was Reason and Justice then, will be so still in spight of all the Poor Arguments he can bring to the contrary and if he had had the least Degree of Modesty, he would either have pursued his former Notions, or have been silent.

But such a cause could expect no better an advocate, and *those* who imply'd him to propose and recommend their *Trimming Measures* (which always proceed from Cowardize, or self-interest) have the Mortification to see him receiv'd with that Contempt he deserves from all Parties.

I wish the promoter of this new Doctrine of *Moderation* have not already put it out of their power to *Crush* the *Faction* which they have hitherto so imprudently *Cherished*, and which at last (if I have not *Display'd* it in very false Colours) will certainly *Tear* and Destroy the Goverment.

FACTION Diſplay'd.

SAY, Goddeſs Muſe, for thy All-ſearching Eyes
Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Diſguiſe,
Can penetrate Intriguing Stateſmen's Hearts,
Their deepeſt Plots, and all their wily Arts.
Say, how a Fierce *Caball* Combin'd of late,
Imploy their anxious Thoughts t' embroil the State;
What angry Pow'r inſpires 'em to Complain
In *Anna*'s Gentle and Propitious Reign.
Faction, a reſtleſs and repining Fiend,
Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind;
Off-ſpring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
By whoſe deſtructive Arts the World is torn.
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And *Jove*'s avenging Thunder to defy.
She rais'd the Hand, that ſtruck the Fatal Blow,
Which *Martyr'd Jove*'s Vicegerent here below;
She ſtill purſues him with relentleſs Hate,
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and Inſults his Fate.
'Tis She, that wou'd for ev'ry ſlight Offence,
Depoſe a True Hereditary Prince;
That would *Uſurpers* for their Treaſon Crown,
Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down,
And *Exil'd Monarchs* Reaſſert their rightful Throne.
No Conſtitution in the World can boaſt
A Scheme of Laws more Rational, more Juſt,
Than *England*'s are; where Sov'reign, Kingly ſway,
Is *mixt* and qualify with ſuch Allay,
That Free-born Subjects willingly Obey.
Nor yet ſo baſely *mixt*, as that our Kings
Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rleſs Things.
For tho', indeed, they can have no pretence
With *Fundamental Contracts* to *Diſpence*,
(For that were Conqueſt) yet, thoſe Rights maintain'd,
Prerogative is High, and unreſtrain'd.

In equal Diſtance from Extremes we move,
No Tyranny, nor Common wealth approve.
Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.
Nor Common wealth, a Monſter, *Hydra* State.
Whoſe many Heads threaten each others Fate,
And load their Body with unweildy Weight,
But a Succeſſive Monarchy we own,
With all the Lawful Sanctions of a Crown.
Such was our old Eſtabliſh'd *Engliſh* Frame,
Which might have flouriſh'd Ages yet the ſame,
But for this Envious Fiend; who ſtill prepares
To ſow the Seeds of long Inteſtine Wars.
Near the Impartial Palace's Remains,
Where nothing now but Deſolation reigns;
(Fatal Preſage of Monarchy's decline,
And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)
There ſtands an Antique Venerable Pile,
Whoſe Lords were once the Glories of our Iſle:
But now it Mourns that Race of Hero's dead,
And drops, and hangs its Melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'ere for better Ends deſign'd,
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Faction's* Refuge; where ſhe keeps her Court,
Where all her darling Votaries Reſort.
Here, when their *glorious N*—— fell, they met
On new Reſolves and Meaſures to Debate.
Say then, my Muſe, their ſecret Thoughts diſplay,
Expoſe their dark Deſigns to open Day.
This Grand *Caball* was held at dead of Night,
(For Ghoſts and Furies always ſhun the Light)
Deſpair, and rage, and Sorrow kept 'em Dumb,
Till *Moro* roſe (the Maſter of the Dome)
A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L——,
Who prov'd his want of Senſe in ev'ry word,
When hiſſing thus, his Fetter'd Tongue broke looſe;
I take it as an Honour that you've Choſe
For this Debate, your humble Servant's Houſe.

' The Houſe henceforward ſhall Recorded ſtand,
' As the *Palladium* of the ſinking Land;
' And I to future Ages be renown'd,
' The *Party*'s Bullwark, and the Nation's Mound.
' Now *N*—, —, the immortal *N*—'s gone,
' We juſtly his untimely Herſe Bemoan.
' O that I could reſtore his Life again!
' For who can bear a Woman's Servile Chain?
Full of ſuch Stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,
But that black *Ario*'s Fierceneſs did prevent.
A *Scotch*, Seditious, Unbelieving Prieſt,
The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feaſt*;
Who firſt his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,
And does that Church, he's Sworn to guard, Invade
Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus began;
' To talk of calling Life agen is vain.
' Peace to the *Glorious* dead. We juſtly mourn
' His Aſhes, ever Sacred be his Urn:
' But here, my L——, we are together met,
' To vow to A——'s Sceptre endleſs Hate.
' For ſince my hope of *W—ton* is expir'd,
' With juſt Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
' I'll write, and talk, and preach her Title down,
' My thund'ring Voice ſhall ſhake her in the Throne;
' Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.
A Pauſe enſu'd, till *Patriarcho*'s Grace,
Was pleas'd to rear his Huge unweildy Maſs
A Maſs unanimtated with a Soul,
Or elſe he'd ne're be made ſo vile a Tool;
He'd ne're his Apoſtolick Charge Prophane,
And *Atheiſts*, and *Fanaticks* Cauſe maintain
At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
The Bulky Primate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.
' I much approve my Brothers Zealous Heat,
' Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,
' On which Succeſs and Praiſe will ever wait.

' But

But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,
Unpractic'd in their Arts and ſtudied Rules;
By which they make the wiſeſt of us Fools.
The Task be therefore yours, to Forge ſome Plot,
And I'll be Ready with my truſty Vote,
Nor e're give your Commands a Second Thought.
Tho' I were Mute, you muſt confeſs I've Stood,
Fixt as a Rock, amidſt the beating flood.
VVitneſs St. *A—pb*'s and St. *D—d*'s Cauſe,
Where obſtinately I tranſgreſs'd the Laws,
And did in either Caſe Injuſtice ſhow,
Here ſav'd a Friend, there Triumph'd o're a Foe.
Then old *Myſterio* ſhook his Silver Hairs,
Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,
Whom Factious Zeal to fierce *Unchriſtian* Strife,
Had hurry'd in the laſt Extream of Life.
Strange Dotage! thus to Sacrifice his Eaſe,
When Nature whiſpers Men to Crown their days
With ſweet Retirement and Religious Peace!
Fore-knowledge ſtrugg'ed in his heaving breaſt,
E're he in theſe dark Terms his Fears expreſt.
The Stars rowl adverſe, and malignant ſhine,
Some dire Portent! ſome Comet I divine!
I plainly in the *Revelations* find,
That *A—* to the *Beaſt* will be inclin'd.
Howe're, tho' ſhe and all her Senate frown,
I'll wage eternal War with *P——ton*,
And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
As he went on, his Tungue a trembling ſeiz'd,
And all his Pow'r and Utterance ſuppreſs'd,
So when the *Sibyll* felt th' Inſpiring God,
She raving loſt her Voice, and ſpeechleſs ſtood.
Unhappy Church, by ſuch uſurpers ſway'd!
How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd?
How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
When *Laud* or *Sancroft*, fill'd the Sacred Chair?

Laud, tho' with ſome traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
Whilſt *Patriarcho* is deſpis'd and ſcorn'd,
Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemiſh'd Life, divinely Pure,
In its own heav'nly Innocence Secure,
The teeth of Time, the blaſts of Envy ſhall endure.
When for th' Eſtabliſh'd Faith they ſhould contend,
Meekneſs and Chriſtian Charity pretend;
But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
For *Shiſm* and *Toleration* they engage;
With ſtrange delight and Eagerneſs eſpouſe
Occaſional Conformiſts ſhameful Cauſe;
Oppreſs thy friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.
Thy guardian Laws to weaken they Combine,
And tamely thy Eſſential Rights reſign.
Thy antient Truths with Modern Gloſſes blend,
Deſtroying the Religion they would mend.
So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down,
Such Arts have Chriſtianity o'rethrown:
For *Scepticiſm*, that now triumphant reigns,
Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
Where She Forlorn, Contemn'd, Deſpairing lies,
Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.
But Muſe proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
That would Inflame thy Satyrizing Song.
Clodio with kindling Emulation heard,
What this Triumvirate of Prieſts declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Diſgrace;
Whoſe working, Turbulent, Fanatick Mind
No Tenderneſs can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a *Rake* he'll Drink, and Whore, and Rant,
T' engage a Puritan will Pray and Cant.
So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear,
Or Radiant Light, or gloomy Darkneſs wear.
Thrice he Blaſphem'd, and thrice he frantick Swore
By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r:
Then wav'd his Staff, and ſaid:

Tho' *N*———'s Death has all our Measures broke
Yet never will we bend to *A*—'s Yoke.
The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,
If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,
E're that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
O had he liv'd to Perfect his Design,
We ne're had been Subjected to her Reign,
But rooted out the *St—rs* hated Line!
Howe're, since Fate has otherwise decreed,
We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed.
We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in One inviegh,
And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.
We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,
Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria*'s Flood,
Which for ten rowling Centuries has stood.
Argue how th' *Roman*, and *Athenian* State
Were only when Republicks truly Great.
'Tis easy the Unreas'ning Mob to guide,
For they are always on the Factious side.
This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort,
To Manage and Cajole *S*———'s Court.
Toland alone for such a work is fit,
In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.
The *Scotch*, a Rough Revolting, Stubborn Kind,
Have long at *England*'s growing Pow'r repin'd.
Nor need we, with unnecessary Care,
Endeavour to foment Religion there.
For scarce our *N*—'s Empire they endur'd,
Tho' he their antient Liberties restor'd,
And Murm'ring now they ask a Foreign Lord.
But (Health suppos'd to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
And right or wrong Usurp the Common's Chair;
That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our cause,
Soon undermine our hot-brain'd, towring Foes.
At least I'll substitute some Wealthy Friend,
Who shall with Heat and Arrogence contend
To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command. So

* This Project was once Talk'd of.

So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* deſign'd,
And when h' had form'd the Scheme within his Mind,
In ſuch a warm Harangue his Friends addreſt,
And open'd all the Secret of his Breaſt.
This hit *Sigillo's* Thoughts, and made him cool,
Tho' juſt before he ſcarcely could Controul
The ſtormy Paſſion ſwelling in his Soul;
His reſtleſs Soul, that rends his ſickly Frame,
Worn with a poys'nous and corroding Flame.
An unjuſt J——e, and blemiſh of the M——,
Witneſs the *Bankers* long depending Caſe.
A ſhallow Stateſman, tho' of mighty Fame,
For who can e're that curſt *Par——on* name,
But to his foul Diſgrace, and to his ſhame?
Beſides, in ſpight of all his loud Defence,
He ſhew'd a want of Honeſty or ſenſe,
In paſſing ev'ry Plund'ring Coutier's *Grants.*
He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
Deiſt, Republican, Adulterer.
Thus his Lov'd *Clodio*, for his Speech he prais'd,
And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.
'There ſpoke the Guardian Genius of our Cauſe,
'Whoſe ev'ry word deſerves divine Applauſe.
'Not ev'n * *Cethego's* ſelf could form a Plot,
'More nicely Spun, More exquiſitly wrought.
'Tho' he, to his immortal envied Fame,
'The Glory of the Revolution claim.
'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,
'Did *James* and all his *Jeſuit-train* defeat.
'He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jeſt,
'Impos'd upon the World by ſome deſigning Prieſt.
'Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols Bow'd,
'Prevaricating with his King, his God.
'A *Proteus*, ever acting in diguiſe,
'A finiſh'd Stateſman, Intricately Wiſe,
'A ſecond *Machiavel*, who ſoar'd above
'The little Tyes of Gratitude and love;
'Whoſe harden'd Conſcience never felt Remorſe,
'Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curſe. 'But

* The Perſon here Repreſented, was living at the time of this cabal.

But why ſhould I *Cethego*'s Praiſe purſue,
When all his Vertues, *Clodio*, ſhine in you.
You can another *Revolution* frame,
The ſame your Principle, your skill the ſame.
Whilſt then the wav'ring *Iriſh* are your Care,
Believe we'll uſe our utmoſt Efforts here,
Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money ſpare.
Cethego in your Abſence ſhall preſide
O're our Debates, and ev'ry Conſult guide.
Like the ſupream directing Hand of *Jove*,
Shall act unſeen, and all around him move.
I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
Will find a way to ſanctify our Cauſe,
Will prove, in *Paſſive Jacobites* deſpight,
Rebellion is a Freeborn peoples Right.
Then as we take out Circuits thro' the Land,
We'll mould the Stern Freeholders to our Hand;
Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.
When with our faithful City Friends we Dine,
We'll mingle Treaſon with the flowing Wine.
We'll plant in ev'ry Coffee houſe a Spy,
That boldly ſhall the Miniſtry decry;
Shall Praiſe the paſt, the preſent Reign Condemn,
And all their Meaſures, all their Councils Blame.
Shall ſpread a thouſand idle, groundleſs Tales,
Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and P——ce of *W*——;
Shall never fail Objections ſtill to raiſe,
(Whatever is tranſacted with Succeſs)
And turn their greateſt Honour to Diſgrace.
This Chimick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
From ſweeteſt Things will rankeſt Poyſons draw.
Narciſſo next, Magnificiently Gay,
mill'd his Aſſent, but not a word would ſay.
le fear'd to ſtrain his Voice by Talking loud,
for was his Quil-pipe made for ſuch a Crowd.
batter'd Beau, yet youthful in decay,
Vho dreſſes Whores, and Games his Time away.
ond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
Vith all that VVealth, profuſely ſpent, ſupplies. And

And yet this debauchee pretends to claim
An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.
Then squeal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat,
Shew'd him for Cool mature debates unfit,
Nor will we hear the Blust'ring Speech repeat.
A Bully L—, whose wild mad Looks proclaim
His Bosom warm'd with more than Heroe's Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his Chief delight,
Promiscuously opposing wrong and right,
What e're he does is always in Extreams,
Sometimes the *Whig*, sometimes the *Tory* damns.
His various Temper and impetuous Mind,
To ev'ry Party is by Stars inclin'd.
He never was, nor e're will be Content
With any Prince, with any Goverment.
Last rose *Bathillo*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays,
A gay, pragmaticical, pretending Tool,
Opinionately wise, and pertly dull.
A Demy Statesman, Talkative and Loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Gesture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Associates vainly he bespoke.
'Do you perform the Politician's part,
'I'll bring th' Assistance of the Muses Art.
'The Poets Tribe are all at my Devoir,
'And write as I Command, as I inspire.
'C—g—ve for me *Pastora*'s Death did Mourn,
'*And her white Name with Sable Verse Adorn.*
'*R*—— too is mine, and of the *Whiggish* Trian,
'Twas he that Sung immortal *Tamerlane*,
'Tho' now he dwindles to an * humbler Strain.
'I help'd to Polish *G*——*th*'s rough awkward Lays,
'Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our Party's praise.
'*W*——*sh* Votes with us, who, tho' he never writ,
'Yet passes for a Critick and a Wit.

* The *Fair Penitent*.

Van's Bawdy, Plotless Plays were once our Boast,
But now the Poet's in the Builder lost.
On *A——son* we safely may depend,
A Pension never fails to gain a Friend.
Thro' *Alpine hills* he shall my Name resound,
And make his Patron known in *Classick Ground*.
These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecænas* too.
Princes but sit unsettled on their Thrones,
Unless supported by *Apollo's* Sons.
Augustus had the *Mantuan*, and *Venusian* Muse,
And happier *N——* had his *M——guis*,
But *A——*, that Ill-fated Tory Queen,
Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.
Triton, who like the vast *Leviathan*,
Long wallow'd in the Treasures of the Main,
Was all Attention, and suspended hung,
For ev'ry Rebel heart has not a Tongue,
Besides, there stood a Num'rous Train of *P——*,
Below the Notice of Recording Verse.
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——rs and Cits,
Tosters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place, or Mention here.
For since the Muse would Blush to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency restrain th' Invective Rhimes.
When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all the *Throng*
Repeated Peals of Aeclamations rung.
Not antient *Demagogues*, with more Applause,
Asserted, and Espous'd the Rabble's Cause.
Now the Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,
As well describ'd by th' old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bullfac'd, and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.
Sweating and Puffing for a while he stood,
And then broke forth in this Insulting Mood.
I am the Touchstone of all Modern Wit,
Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write.
Those only purchase ever living Fame,
That in my Miscellany plant their Name.
Nor therefor think that I can bring no Aid,
Because I follow a Machanick Trade,
I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours spread.
I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
A Club that gave Direction to the State,

'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth,
To talk Prophane and Laugh at Sacred Truth.
' We taught them how to Toſt, and Rhime, and Bite,
' To Sleep away the Day, and drink away the Night.
Some this Fantaſtick Speech approv'd, ſome Sneer'd,
The wight grew Cholerick, and diſappear'd.
Mean time the Fury ſmil'd, who all this while
Hov'ring on the Summet of the Pile,
A ſecret and exulting Joy ſhe finds,
To ſee her Influence brooding on their Minds;
And the bare proſpect of ſuch Noble Ills
Her thoughts with rapt'rous Speculations fills.
Then She ——
' With what delight do I my Sons behold,
' So reſolutely Brave, ſo fiercely Bold.
' Sure nothing can reſiſt their boundleſs Courſe,
' Nothing ſubdue their well united Force.
' *Volpone*, who will ſolely now Command
' The Publick Purſe, and T——ſ——e of the Land,
' Wants Conſtancy and Courage to oppoſe
' A Band of ſuch exaſperated Foes.
' For how ſhould he, that moves by Craft and Fear,
' Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
' What did he e're in all his Life perform,
' But ſhrunk at the approach of ev'ry Storm;
' But when the tott'ring Church his aid requir'd,
' With *Moderation-Principles* inſpir'd,
' Forſook his Friends, and decently Retir'd.
' Nor has he any real juſt Preterence
' To that vaſt Depth of Politicks and Senſe.
' For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's high,
' To manage an o'reflowing T——ſ——y?
' Or where the Senſe to know the Tricks of Game,
' Since *S—ms*, *Sir J--mes*, and *H--ll--way* may claim
' A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame?
' I fear the Man, who dares the Truth aſſert,
' Who never Plays the Double-dealing Part;
' The Patriot's Soul diſdains the Trimmer's Art.
' Such *Celſus* is, but I foreſee his Fate
' To be ſupplanted by *Sempronia*'s Hate.
' (*Sempronia* of a Lewd *procuring* Race,
' The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Diſgrace.)
' 'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
' For Hell wou'd then employ her Fiend in vain.
' He never knew to Proſtitute the State,
' Never by being Guilty to be Great.
' Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,
' Did he or Danger or his Duty ſhun.

' *Rome's*

'*Rome*'s ſubtle Prieſts with Sophiſtry eſſay'd,
'With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance lay'd,
'To ſhock his Faith; but nothing could controul
'The firm Reſolves of his unbyaſs'd Soul,
'True to his Conſcience, as the Needle to the Pole.
'Ally'd in Blood and Friendſhip to the Throne,
'He nobly makes his Country's Cauſe his own;
'Whilſt others keep their int'reſt ſtill in view,
'And meaner Spirits meaner ends purſue.
'So the fixt Stars harmoniouſly comply
'With the *firſt Publick Motion* of the Sky,
'Whilſt wand'ring Planets oppoſitely move,
'Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.
She ſtopp'd——— for now her Anger 'gan to riſe,
Fluſh'd in her Cheeks, and ſparkl'd in her Eyes,
And well it might a Fury's Paſſion raiſe,
That ſhe was forc'd the Worth, ſhe hates, to Praiſe.
The Dawn diſpers'd the Crowd, ſhe took her flight,
To the low Regions of Eternal Night.
O *England* how revolving is thy State?
How few thy Bleſſings? how ſevre thy Fate?
O diſtin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
By thoſe, whoſe Duty 'tis to ſerve and aid!
A griping vile degen'rate viper Brood,
That tear thy Vitals, and exhauſt thy Blood.
A varying Kind, that no fixt Rule purſue,
But often form their Principle's anew;
Unknowing where to lodge ſupreme Command,
Or in the King or Peers, or People's hand.
One while the People's Sov'raignty they own,
To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown:
Who to his Subjects when at length *Reſtor'd*,
Without diſtinction was their common Lord.
What Party elſe to *David*'s happy Throne,
Would have preferr'd a giddy *Abſalon*?
ut when a King is moulded to their Mind,
hen they to him would have all ſway confin'd;
or in their own deſpotick boundleſs Reign,
f Injur'd Rights, and *Property* complain:
ay with a *Standing Force* thy Sons wou'd awe,
he Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.
t if nor King nor Commons will comply
ith their deteſted Acts of Villany,
hey ſtrive the Peers declining Pow'r to raiſe,
nd get *Impeachments* voted into Praiſe.
eſt Patriots theſe, who Liberty employ,
elude thy Laws, and Liberty deſtroy!
Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
hich once inſpir'd thy antient Patriots dead?

Who

Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd,
When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:
Who ſpread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
To ſhelter and Protect the Parent Ground;
Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o're their Head,
Yet all was ſafe beneath their Guardian Shade.
Or ſure Hiſtorians on our Faith impoſe,
And never ſuch a Race of Men aroſe;
Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
With-holds his Grace, and dooms, us to our Crimes.
Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
Will ſooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
If my Condoling Mournful Muſe Preſume
To viſit thy *Marcellus* Sacred Tomb,
For his Hereditary Gifts alone
Could have *Retriev'd* thy Fame, and carried down
The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.
O may thy Angel Guard her Royal Mind,
That *Fav'rites* nor Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
With Her will Flouriſh, and with Her will End.
But my ſhok'd Thoughts the ſad Idea ſhun,
(The ſad Idea gives Eternal Moan)
When ſhe ſhall late, but ah! too ſoon comply
With Nature, to Adorn her Kindred Sky.
For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
Who repreſent the Mother, but the Son?
O! had the Pow'r, that governs humane Fate,
His years extended to a longer Date,
To what tranſcendence had his Genuis ſprung,
Which was ſo Ripe, ſo perfect yet ſo Young;
But when freſh blooming Youth ſeem'd to proclaim
The laſting Structure of his Beauteous Frame,
When Health and Vigor with a kind preſage,
Promis'd the hoary happineſs of Age;
Then with a Momentary ſwift decay,
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope was ſnatch'd away.
So, by the Courſe of the revolving Sphears,
Whene'er a new diſcover'd Star appears;
Aſtronomers with Pleaſure and Amaze
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some Bleſt, ſome more than common Influence,
But ſuddenly alas! the fleeting Light
Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endleſs Night.

FINIS.

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